

A N
E L E G Y
O N
Her G R A C E
ELIZABETH
Duchess of Ormond,

Who died *July* the 21st 1684.

By E. A. M. A. of *Trin. Coll. Dubl.*



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O N T H E

Duchess of Ormond, &c.

FOrbear, vain Muse, to vent thy Passion here,
Thou canst not offer one ingenuous Tear ;
Nor mayst thou hope thy unregarded Verse
Can have admittance to this Sacred Herse.
Yet Silence here wou'd be Ingratitude,
'Tis then more pardonable to be rude.

If Men of Sense and Fancy more sublime
Condemn th' unpolish'd meanness of thy Rhime ;
This just Excuse for that Disorder shew,
Tell them thy Thoughts are Discompos'd and Thou.
Less Mourners may Methodically weep,
Thy o're swoln Grief within no Bounds will keep.
Then venture to bewail thy rigid Fate,
And with the Saint departed thus expostulate.

Ah ! Why so soon didst thou resign thy Breath,
And leave the World Impoverish'd by thy Death ?

Didst thou, to taste some Heavenly Bliss unknown,
 Destroy our pleasure to increase thine own ?
 Ah no, thou knewst no such inferior Ends,
 Thy nobler Aim still was t'oblige thy Friends;
 For them thou hast thy Best Enjoyments given,
 And might'st a while defer thy flight to Heav'n.
 For no Bliss there to thee cou'd Foreign prove
 Thy Conversation was so much Above
 And thou enjoyd'st of Heav'n so large a store,
 That Consummation scarce cou'd give thee more.

Thy Love soard high, above all Human Aim,
 Angels scarce boast a more Exalted Flame ;
 Scarce to their God more Frequent Homage pay,
 Nor thou less Serious, less Devout than they ;
 On his Great Work thou didst thy time bestow,
 In offering Pray'rs above, and doing Good below.

Nor was the Case which did this Jewel hold,
 Made of Course Earth cast in a Common Mold ;
 But suited to the Beauty of thy Mind,
 Thy Body too was polish'd and refin'd.
 Thy Face so Heav'nly, we believ'd it still
 Not Human, till we found it passible.
 Till Envious Time, to lessen our regard,
 By stealth the lovely Frontispiece impair'd.

Yet Time design'd this Injury in vain,
 Beauty amidst the Ruins did remain,

And

Long *Long* *2*

And taught us, by its Splendor in Decay,
To judge what its Perfection could display.

But Heav'n displeas'd to see that Work abus'd
In forming which such Wondrous Skill was us'd,
As if the Artist chiefly had desir'd
To have his Pow'r in this Rare Piece admir'd,
Dissolv'd the Fabrick, to restore it so,
That it no Ruin, no Decay shall know.
But Lasting and Impregnable shall be
Not only against Time, but vast Eternity.

Ah! then forbear, mistaken Muse, in vain
In thy Hibernian Dialect to complain.
Demand no more why the Bright Soul is fled
And left our Joys, like her lov'd Body, dead:
But if thy Flight can track her through the Air,
Follow and see her great Reception there.

Angels in Choirs croud the new Guest to meet,
And straw their Palms beneath her welcome Feet;
The meaner Orders plac'd on either hand
In double Ranks, to view, and guard her, Stand;
While Seraphims present a Robe of Light
Studded with Stars, and as the Sun-beams bright:
Now comes a noble Troop, in Heav'n well known,
A Troop of Works which she on Earth had done;
Of Pray'rs untold a very numerous Train;
For oft she us'd to pray, and ne'r in vain.

Mortified Lusts, and Passions well subdu'd;
 Which ne'r till now durst to her Sight intrude;
 Repentant Sighs, and Tears in Bottles kept;
 For Heaven exhal'd each precious drop she wept:
 Besides a multitude of Virtues more,
 Which loudly knock at the Eternal Door,
 Make way, for *Ormond's* Duchess comes, they cry,
 And at the well-known name, the Locks straight open fly.

Here wait those Saints to whom her Womb gave birth,
 But coveted by Heav'n, soon snatch'd from Earth.

Ah ! that among their number yet we see
 The Good, the Great, the Glorious *OSSORY*!
 But he was brought to entertain Her here,
 Lest, without Him, the Bliss imperfect shou'd appear.
 Yet this great comfort he has left behind,
 Th' exact Resemblance of his Generous Mind;
 A Second *OSSORY*, whose blooming Youth
 Gives early hope of a successful growth.
 In whom th'admiring World does gladly see
ORMOND and *OSSORY* in Epitome.
 May he of *ARRAN's* Virtue too partake,
 Who wou'd not Honour for Applause forsake,
 But bravely ventur'd to declare his Sense
 In the behalf of injur'd Innocence;
 Chusing to bear th' Aspersions of the Croud
 Rather than stain his Soul with guiltless Blood.

But cease these Heroes Fame to celebrate,
 And think on *ORMOND* the disconsolate;

That

That worthy Husband of this Virtuous Wife,
The noble part'ner of her Love and Life.

He, like a Body, when *Tormentors* Art
Hath from the living Fibres torn the Heart,
Finds in himself no Signs of Life remain,
But the worst Symptome, a deep Sense of pain.

Bring Lenitives to his excessive Grief;
And if thou findest they fail to give relief,
Tell him how dear a price 'tis like to cost,
Tell him——
His Master's Interest will in him be lost.
Tell him, his Life he to his Sov'reign owes,
And must not, but by his Command, expose:
These Reasons will affect his Loyal Sense,
For he was ever all Obedience;
To CHARLES's Name he will due Rev'rence give,
And for his Service condescend to live.
